fling
PASSPORT TO PLEASURE
NO. 11 FIFTY CENTS

you'll
find
more
hope in
this
month's
KING'S
HAREM

ITINERARY: You've just signed your Passport to Pleasure, and the Magic Carpet awaits, all warmed-up and ready to go. As we travel slightly outwards into space, you can happily survey our own brand of Elysian Fields, where you're sure to see some interesting sights and meet some devastating people. Yes, the KING of FLING is ready for take-off.

Put on your devil-may-care attitude and let's make a refreshing stop at fabulous Dante's Inferno, one of Chicago's warmest niteries. The KING of FLING immensely enjoyed this particular evening with Johnny Dante in his very pleasant version of Hell, and we hope you'll enjoy the photography and the article.

If you haven't met BB, here's your chance. In a positively delightful satirical bit, your old friend Virginia Francis offers her "Brigette Barbecue Comic Book". The KING of FLING is happy to report that her wacky brand of fun-poking is becoming rather famous.

Now hang on to your Carpet, gentlemen, we're approaching the KING'S HAREM. There we see FLING'S delectable Harem Girl, Hope Hathaway. Hope, the great anticipation that fills the souls of men, is sure to keep you looking this time.

We offer some top fiction, too, which we feel you will like quite a bit, and other articles and features to tantalize, to titillate, and arouse your curiosity.

When your Magic Carpet has flown FLING'S airways and comes to a gentle landing, we hope you'll be excited and pleased and eager for your next excursion.

your Magic Carpet

fling

passport to pleasure

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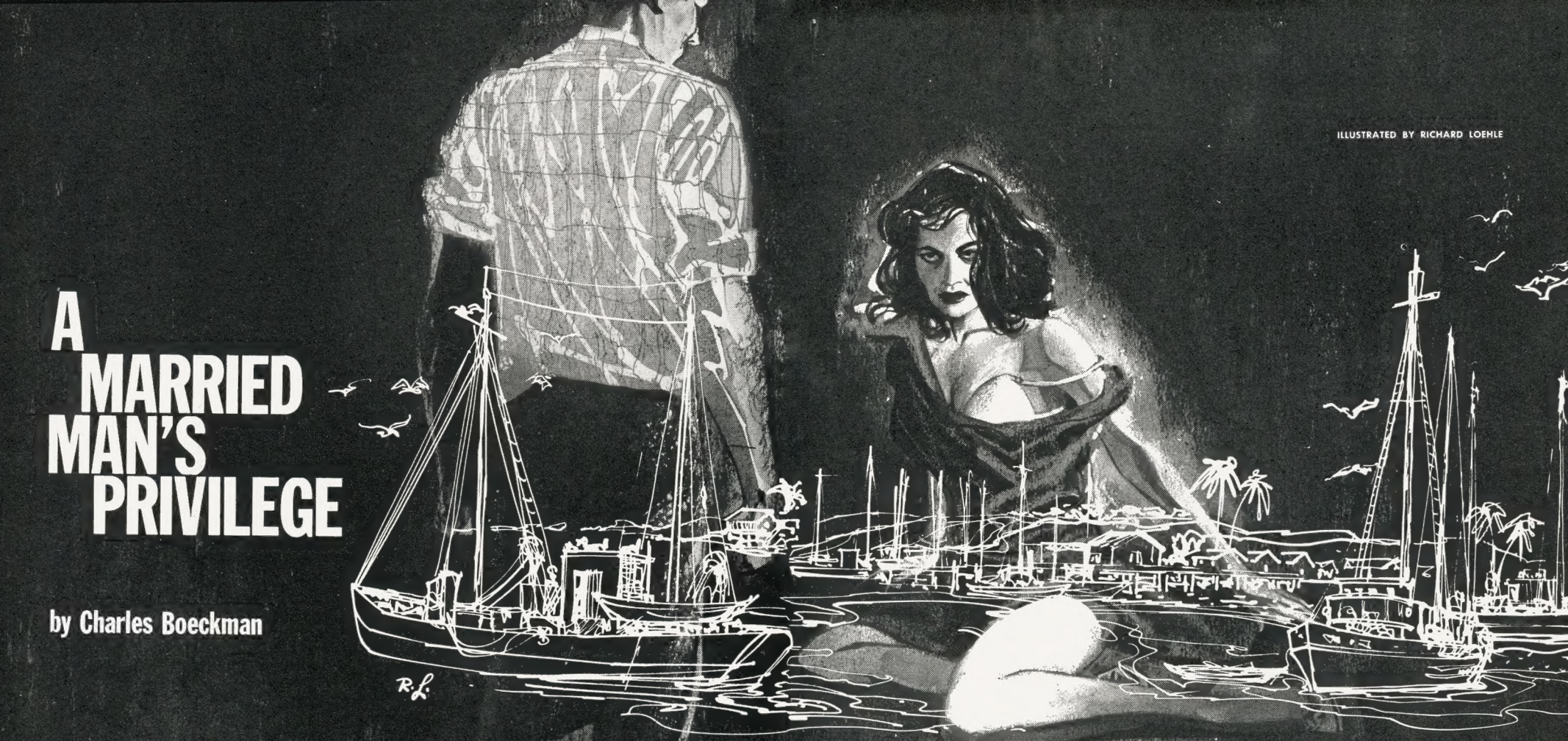
A MARRIED MAN'S PRIVILEGE

by Charles Boeckman



ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD LOEHLE

not all marriages are made in heaven—some are made in hell

fiction: ROSS MALEY, skipper of the 42 foot shrimp trawler, *Morning Rose*, was murdered in the Gulf of Mexico off the coast of Texas. The official report of his death stated that a net filled with some 5,000 pounds of shrimp swinging from its davit caught him in the back of the head and knocked him into the storm-lashed black Gulf water.

Only two men in the world knew it had been murder.

and they were understandably keeping quiet about it.

So when the *Morning Rose* put into port the next day the coroner filled out the usual report in cases "drowned at sea." Nobody shed any tears about it. Probably least of all his widow.

Ross had married Gina Maley in Louisiana about a year before and brought her back to Aransas Pass with him. Regularly each weekend Ross would get drunk on beer and beat her senseless.

The other shrimpers' wives would listen to the racket, then look at each other knowingly. "Gina's getting it again," they'd say. None of them liked Gina very much for some reason. Maybe because she was so good-looking.

Some nights the sound of it would reach the Red Dot Bar down at the docks where Ross's *Morning Star* was moored along with the rest of the shrimp fleet. Most of the shrimpers hung out at the Red Dot and they'd listen to Ross beating up Gina as they sipped their beer.

Jake, the bartender, like most bartenders, was a philosopher. He'd wipe the bar, put a fresh match between his teeth, and wink. "Well, that's a married man's privilege," he'd comment.

Ross Maley ran his trawler with a two-man crew, Vic Singer and Hank Tarrand. Vic was an old wharf-rat with a lone, blood-shot eye and an unquenchable thirst for cheap wine. Hank Tarrand somehow didn't fit in with most of the dock hands and shrimpers that hung around the Red Dot. Maybe he hadn't been off the farm long enough to acquire the salt-cured, leathery visage and psyche of the professional shrimpers. He looked like what he was, a nice, clean living young hayseed, rather naive.

For example, he never went down to Mexican Lilly's. That was something the other shrimpers couldn't figure. Whenever the shrimp fleet came in, Mexican Lilly's was the first place the unmarried shrimpers headed. Some of the married ones stopped off at home first. But Hank Tarrand never got around to Mexican Lilly's at all.

This aroused some unkind speculation among the shrimpers regarding the normalcy of Hank Tarrand's sex life. It wasn't quite conceivable to them that a man could prefer to remain celebate and not be a pansy.

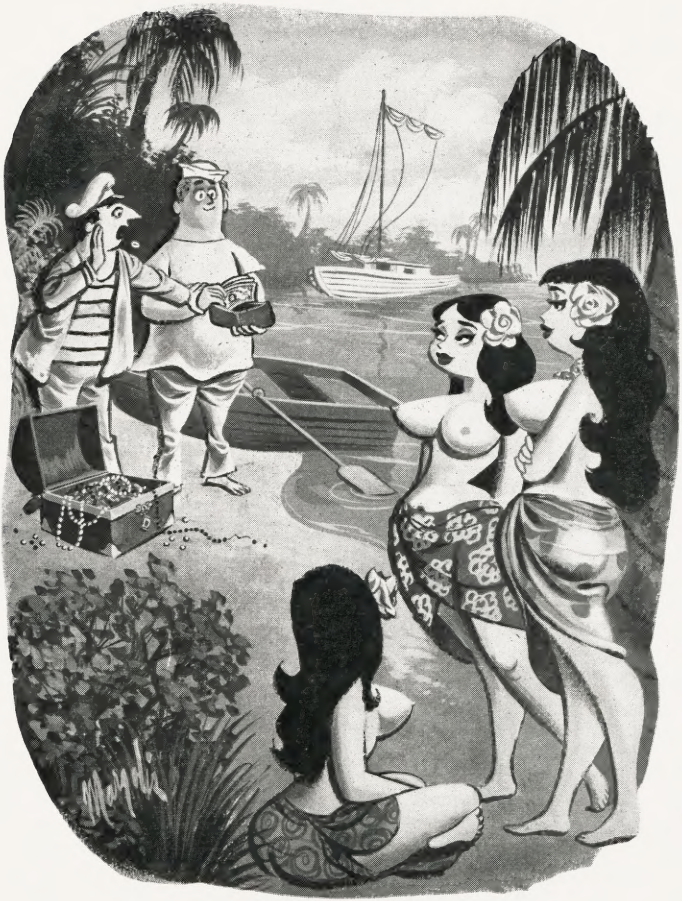
So Vic Singer was the only shrimper that would associate with Hank. Vic knew Hank was no pansy and he felt a rather paternal attitude toward the boy. This association no doubt was all that kept Hank from getting beat up and run off the docks altogether. Old one-eyed Vic Singer was not a man to be reckoned with lightly in a fight.

Being the kind of young man he was, it was understandable that Hank Tarrand was probably the only man in the Red Dot Bar who listened to Ross Maley beating up on his wife and worried about it.

He let his beer get warm and he sat in the booth with Vic, his fists clenched and the muscles in his jaw knotted. "Somebody oughta stop him," he whispered. "Somebody oughta go up there and stop him."

Vic delicately wiped a drop of red wine off his chin and signaled for Jake to bring him another glass. "Now, then, you don't want to go messin' in another man's business," he cautioned. "Specially family business. You drink your beer, son and don't worry about it."

An unusually loud cry of anguish from the woman reached them and



"Hold it, Carson – let's try the beads first – "

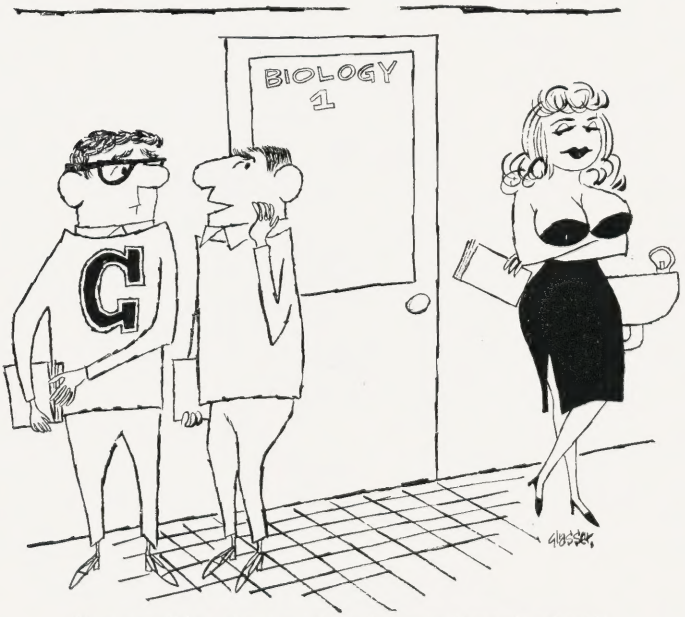
Hank winced. Sweat beaded his forehead. "Somebody oughta stop him. He's going to kill that girl."

"Aw, I don't think so, kid." Vic accepted the fresh glass of fifteen cent wine from Jake and settled down more comfortably to enjoy it. "If she gets to makin' too much racket somebody'll phone for the deppity to come down and shut them up."

They sat there and listened to the racket floating across the dirt sea wall from Ross Maley's shack. All of a sudden, Hank stood up with a jerky motion, upsetting his beer. Vic yelled at him, but he strode outside without looking back.

Outside, the night breeze was cool, coming across the turning basin. Hank stood there with the wind blowing against his sweating face and then he climbed up the steep earthworks of the sea wall. From this point he could hear the racket coming from Ross Maley's shack more clearly. He felt sick at his stomach.

The young shrimp boathand half-walked, half-slid down the steep embankment in a shower of loose dirt and gravel and then crossed a dirt road. He waded into the knee-deep growth of weeds in Ross Maley's front yard. He could hear it quite plainly now. Ross's beer-drunk curses, the



"It's something about working her way through school!"

smack of his big fist against soft flesh. Gina's tortured moan. "Ross . . . oh, please . . . oh, for God's sake, Ross — *please* — "

Hank stood there with the sweat pouring down his face and sticking his shirt to his back. Another minute of it and he'd probably have gone charging up on the front porch. But there was a sudden silence in the house. That meant that Ross had finally passed out. Hank wiped the cold perspiration off his face and walked home.

The next morning when he walked by Ross Maley's place he saw that Ross's car was gone. That probably meant that Ross, having tired of Gina's company, was down at Mexican Lilly's. He seldom took Gina anywhere in the car.

Hank went up on the porch and knocked at the torn and rusty screen door. Gina came from somewhere in the back of the house. She stood in the shadows of the hall, but Hank could see the swollen bruise along her cheek bone.

"Is Ross here?" Hank asked.

She shook her head.

He shifted his weight from one foot to another. He had no business being here yet he couldn't bring himself to leave. He looked through the rusty screen wire at Ross Maley's wife and the haunting quality of her beauty held him like a magnet pulling him there.

"I work for Ross," he said. "On his boat. I wanted to see about something."

She pushed a strand of her jet black hair off her forehead. "Well, he isn't here."

Hank nodded. "You know when he'll be back?"

She shook her head.

"If you think he might come back soon I could wait."

She shrugged. "I don't know when he'll come back."

Hank moistened his lips. "Well, I could wait a while anyway. I want to see him about something."

He opened the screen door and went into the hall. He could see her more clearly and she was even more beautiful. She had the dark-haired beauty of the Louisiana French girls. Her skin was like soft white flower petals. But her eyes were swollen and they had a dull, dead look this morning.

He followed her through the hall, back to the kitchen. Ross's things were strewn around everywhere, messy, just like his boat and himself. He always needed a shave and a bath and his boat was the smelliest, dirtiest trawler in the fleet.

When they reached the kitchen Hank noticed a half empty glass of beer on the table. "You want a beer while you're waiting?" the girl asked. She spoke in a kind of monotone. Her voice was dead like her eyes.

Hank nodded and she got a bottle of beer out of the refrigerator. He couldn't take his eyes off her. Naturally she hadn't been expecting company this early so all she had on was a thin, faded cotton dress and she was barefooted. When she moved passed a window, her long, slim legs were silhouetted. She had a wonderful figure, young and slender and firm.

When she bent over the table the loose collar of the dress fell away from her throat and Hank could see a nasty bruise on the soft white skin of her shoulder. His hand tightened around his glass angrily. A guy like Ross Maley ought to be horsewhipped! Hank thought that if he had a beautiful girl like Gina for his wife he'd sure treat her right. He'd bring her presents and he'd be gentle and

kind to her the way such a pretty, sweet girl ought to be treated.

"I — I've seen you around town before," Hank said, clumsy in his awkward shyness. "I guess you don't know me, though. My name's Hank Tarrand."

She turned her glass around, looking at the place her finger had made in the frost. "I know you," she murmured. "I heard Ross say your name before."

It brought tears to Hank's eyes, the way she talked. She was like a dog that had been whipped and mistreated until it was scared to lift its head. All the life was gone from her voice.

He drank the rest of his beer and they sat there quietly. She never said anything unless he spoke to her first and he couldn't think of much to say.

He left after a while. But the next morning he stopped by to see her again. After that whenever he knew Ross wasn't around, he went to see Gina. He knew it was wrong for him to be calling on a married woman that way, but he couldn't stay away from her. She never showed any emotion at all about his coming. But she didn't object, either. She just accepted it in the numb, submissive way she seemed to accept her lot in life.

Hank never put a finger on her but one morning something in him snapped and he suddenly grabbed her and held her close to him. Her body was soft and warm against him and there was some cheap perfume in her hair. "Listen," he said hoarsely, "listen, you got to get away from here, Gina. Before Ross hurts you bad. He's gonna come home some night and really hurt you bad. I can't stand to think about that. You got to run away somewhere. You got some kin folks you could go to?"

She didn't struggle to get away from him, but she didn't respond to his embrace, either. She just stood there and let him hold her. "Go?" she repeated dully. "I ain't got no place to go."

"But you got folks, haven't you?" Hank insisted.

She nodded.

"Couldn't you go back to them?"

She shrugged. "They don't want me. They got too many kids home now."

Hank pushed her away but his fingers still gripped her shoulder. "Listen, if Ross hurts you any more, you come to me, hear? I'll kill him if he hurts you any more . . . ."

Hank began drinking more at the Red Dot Bar. Vic Singer tried to talk some sense into the younger man.

"You're gonna get yourself in a mess of trouble, boy. You barge in that family squabble and Ross'll break you in two. He's a powerful big man. Quit worryin' about that woman. If Ross wants to slap her around a little, why let him."

"He ain't going to hurt her any more," Hank said tightly through his teeth and the way he said it worried Vic.

The next day the *Morning Rose* put out into the Gulf along with the rest of the shrimp fleet. That night they were trawling a 7 foot try net at around 8 knots. The big diesel engine was throbbing steadily. There was a sullen lull in the air and lightening flashing to the southeast.

The usual three-man crew was on board. Vic and Hank were working the net. Ross Maley was in the wheel house. He'd been drinking steadily since they put out into the Gulf and he was in an ugly mood because the other boats in the fleet had already run into a catch of pink shrimp and the *Morning Rose* hadn't found the

bed. The great ice-filled holds were empty.

The thing that had been boiling inside Hank for a long time came to a head on this trip. It's hard to say what brings a thing like that to a breaking point at a certain time. But this trip was the time for Hank. All day he'd thought about how he was going to tell Ross Maley off. And now he suddenly left Vic with the try net and he went forward to the wheel house, crawling over rope and gear.

He worked his way up to the cabin. The place was filthy and cluttered. Ross was holding the wheel in one big hairy fist and taking a pull at his bottle held in the other. He was wearing an oil-soaked rag of a shirt and he stunk of diesel oil, sweat, and liquor.

When Hank entered the wheel house his head jerked around and he scowled. "What're you doin' in here? Get back on that try net!"

Ross Maley was a big, ugly man. He had a chest like a barrel, dark with matted hair, thick shoulders and powerful arms with muscles like hawsers. Hank was lighter, but wiry. His own muscles tensed as a long pent-up hatred drove the words to his lips.

"Cap'n Maley, I got to talk to you."

"Talk, hell! Get back on that net, I said!"

Hank's words were quiet with hate. "I want you to stop hurting Gina."

The quiet-spoken statement stunned the cabin into silence. Ross Maley was so surprised he just stood there with his mouth stupidly agape. Then the breath whistled between his teeth. "What did you say?" he asked.

"I said I want you to leave Gina alone. She hasn't got anybody to help her. Her family don't care about her. Nobody seems to give a damn what happens to her. Well, she's got somebody that cares now. I want you to know this — if you go home and beat up on her one more time I'm going to come down to your house and kill you."

The silence screamed in the cabin again. Then Maley lashed the wheel. He took his time, doing it slowly and deliberately. There was even a little smile on his lips. When he turned to Hank he was chuckling. "You little jerk," he said, chuckling. "You damn little jerk." He started laughing. Then his big fist slammed into Hank's face.

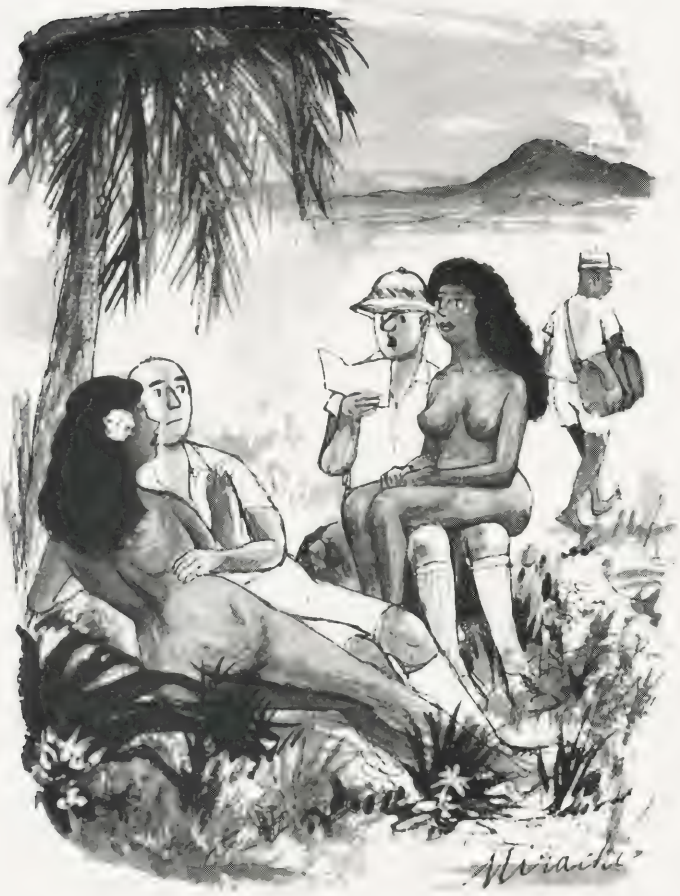
The force of the blow smashed Tarrand against a bulkhead. Through a roaring in his ears he could hear Maley's laughter. Then he went at the Captain, swinging both fists.

It wasn't much of a fight. It came out just the way Vic had warned. Hank was a strong boy but he was no match for Ross Maley. There was no question but that Maley would have killed Hank Tarrand right on the spot if Vic hadn't dragged up the catch of shrimp in the try net at that point.

By then the squall had sprung up and the wind howling made so much noise that Vic hadn't heard the fight going on in the cabin. Besides the old shrimper was slightly deaf. If he'd realized Hank and Ross were fighting he would have gone up and taken sides with the boy and between the two of them they might have given Ross Maley a good beating.

But Vic didn't know about the fight and he hauled up the try net full of wriggling, hopping pink shrimp and he yelled at the top of his lungs, then went about breaking out the big 93 foot net with its great wood-and-iron "doors."

His cry of "shrimp!" reached the Captain just as he'd beaten Hank Tarrand unconscious. He stood panting over the boy, looking about for an



"It's from the Smithsonian. They want us to concentrate on vegetable and mineral."

iron stanchion with which to finish the job. But Vic's cry sank through his murderous rage and touched a little center of his brain that could still think about the empty holds below decks. He shook his head, wiped the blood out of his eyes and stumbled out on deck to help Vic with the catch. He could brain Hank Tarrand later.

Hank rolled around on the floor of the cabin unconscious and bleeding for a long time. Sea spray blowing through a broken window finally revived him. He crawled to his feet groggily. Somehow he stumbled to the cabin door. The force of the gale whipped him, stung his face with salt spray, and cleared his befuddled mind.

He looked out, at the two figures struggling with the giant net. The net swung out of the water on its davit with a full catch of shrimp. For a moment, Ross Maley was over by the rail with his back to the net and to Hank. There wasn't any time to think about it much. Hank knew he'd started something that had to be finished. And if he didn't finish it, Ross Maley would. It was a cinch only one of them was going to leave the boat alive.

So he picked up a shovel and crawled around the swinging net and threw it at the back of Ross Maley's head.

Hank edged over to the rail. He heard Vic yelling. Maley's head bobbed out of the water once. His arms flailed. Then there was nothing out there but the black mountains of waves and the white-lashed foam.

Vic was beside Hank now, squinting out into the darkness with his one good eye. Then he looked at Hank's battered and smashed face and he understood what happened.

He sad, "Let's get these shrimp iced down. Ain't no sense throwin' away a good catch . . . . "

Hank waited a decent time after Ross' death before he began calling on Gina again. She was still living in Ross's house on his insurance money because there was no place else for her to go.

One evening, Hank called on her at the house. He took her in his arms gently. "Gina, I'm going to take care of you now. I'm going to treat you right, the way you should be treated. Everything's going to be different for you now. You don't ever have to be scared again."

He called on her regularly, taking little gifts, and she learned how kind and gentle a man could treat a woman.

They were married and Gina was very grateful to Hank. Whenever he showed her a new kindness, she thanked him. She was grateful, but there was no other emotion in her.

On their wedding night, Hank held her in his arms tenderly, careful not to frighten or hurt her. "Gina, I love you," he whispered, the blood pounding through his veins.

She was submissive, letting him do anything he wished. But there was no response in her arms. It was like making love to a beautiful, cold marble statue.

Hank told himself he must be patient. Perhaps for a long time. Ross's cruel treatment had scarred her deeply. She was still cowed, broken in spirit. Her eyes were still dead. But one day his patience and kindness would be rewarded. It would awaken the woman's need in her and he would know the full fire of her passion.

He was patient for a long time. A month went by; another. There was no change in her. Frustration began

to work a subtle havoc with Hank's nerves. He went to the Red Dot Bar more often and drank more.

He'd get drunk and then he'd think of his wife at home with her beautiful marble white shoulders and back, the sculptured perfection of her body. He'd imagine her coming to him warm and eager, opening the love in her to him like a hot flame. Then he'd go home, almost running in his haste. He'd take her in his arms. It would be the same — nothing.

After a while, his nerves got in such a frayed condition that he was cross with her. She lowered her head and tears sprang to her eyes. "I'm sorry, Hank . . . " she whispered.

Then he'd be furious with himself for losing his patience and he'd slam out of the house and go down to the Red Dot and get drunk all over again.

He began to neglect his appearance. He forgot to shave and he wore his khakis until they were soggy and sour-smelling.

His nerves got worse and worse. He lost weight and his eyes were dark and sunken. One night something snapped inside Hank Tarrand. He put his glass of beer down and looked around at the other men in the Red Dot Bar. Afterwards, they said he had a crazy expression on his face. He walked out of the bar.

Gina was sitting before a mirror in the bedroom, brushing her long, glossy black hair when he got home. He grabbed her up and kissed her and it was like kissing a lump of clay. Then he hissed through his teeth, "Have you got a lover?"

He'd frightened the wits out of her, barging in with this crazy look on his face. She turned so white her eyes looked like black splotches. "Y- you're hurting my arms," she gasped.

He was too drunk and too crazy to stop. "You must have a lover," he screamed. "Otherwise why are you so cold to me? Why? I've been good to you, haven't I? Haven't I?" By then he was shouting so loud they could hear him all the way down to the docks.

Then he shook her until her teeth clicked and her hair fell over her eyes and a red film crossed his eyes and the craziness burst wide open inside him and he slapped her with all his might.

She flew back against the wall. She stared at him wide-eyed. Something stirred in her eyes. She began breathing harder. "Hank — "

He hurled accusations at her. Then he hit her again. There was a trickle of blood from her lips. She stared at him, fascinated. She was breathing hard through her parted lips now. Her body began to tremble and jerk. There was a hot look in her eyes. She suddenly reached up and tore her blouse open. He was too crazy to stop hitting her. She began sobbing. "Hank . . . please . . . oh, please, Hank . . . *please* — "

She tore her blouse all the way off and she was all over him, kissing him wildly, clinging to him, pressing herself against him in a frenzy. "Oh, Hank . . . honey — "

But he kept hitting her and hitting her.

And the shrimpers' wives listened to the row down in Hank Tarrand's house and shook their heads. "Well, that Gina's getting it again. Guess she's happy now."

And down at the Red Dot Bar, the men listened to Hank Tarrand beating up his wife, Gina. Jake the bartender wiped the bar and put a fresh match between his teeth. "Well," he said with a wink, "that's a married man's privilege . . . . "

fling

MLLE HOT STUFF

WRITTEN BY VIRGINIA FRANCIS

ILLUSTRATED BY DON MARGOLIS

STARRING
BRIGITTE BARBECUE
AND
FERDINAND D'ELL
WOMEN ARE ALL ALIKE, ANDRE. I MUST FIND A SIMPLE, AVERAGE, FRENCH GIRL FOR MY NEXT LEADING LADY, BUT I CANNOT FIND ONE WHO IS DIFFERENT! UNDER THE POWDER AND ROUGE THEY ARE ALL THE SAME!
WHEN YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM, THIS IS TRUE!
IF ONLY I COULD FIND A GIRL WHO IS NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL, WHO DOESN'T NEED COSMETICS, WHO NEEDS ONLY HER BUILT-IN ASSETS...
A WELL-BUILT ASSET IS IMPORTANT IN MY BUSINESS, TOO! BUT I DON'T LET WOMEN GET ME DOWN ANY MORE!
UGGA! UGGA! UGGA!
WHAT IS IT, ANDRE? I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!

YOU MEAN YOU THINK THAT AVERAGE FRENCH GIRL MIGHT BE THE ONE I'M SEARCHING FOR? I'LL ASK HER TO REMOVE HER MAKEUP, SO WE CAN SEE HER NATURAL BEAUTY; THAT WILL BE THE ACID TEST!
PARDON, MADEMOISELLE. I AM THE GREAT FRENCH DRAMATIC ACTOR, FERDINAND D'ELL!
D'ELL, YOU SAY?
YES, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND ANDRE PLASTER, A FAMED GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHER. SURELY YOU'VE HEARD OF PLASTER OF PARIS? WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU WOULD MIND REMOVING YOUR...
BUT OF COURSE MONSIEUR! MEN ASK ME THAT ALL THE TIME!
CLICK
HOW'S THIS? PRETTY SEXY POSE, EH, MONSIEUR?
BUT, MADEMOISELLE, I ONLY...
PSST— SHADDUP!
CLICK
WHAT I MEANT WAS...
CLICK
KEEP PARIS GREEN
I WANTED YOU TO REMOVE YOUR MAKEUP!
CLICK CLICK

WHAT A CREEP!
I MADE ZE GOOF~NO FILM IN THE CAMERA!
YOU KNOW, ANDRE, YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE IS SOMETHING OUTSTANDING ABOUT THAT GIRL, BUT I CANNOT PUT MY FINGER ON IT!
WE MUST FIND HER BEFORE SHE GETS AWAY!
I HAVE A HUNCH SHE WENT THIS WAY!
TABAC
REAP LA FLING

DON'T LET US DISTURB YOUR BATH, MADEMOISELLE! WE JUST CAME TO—
WHAP
OOF!
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE PIERRE: HE'S BEEN JUMPY LATELY. THE LANDLORD DOESN'T KNOW I LIKE PETS. DON'T TELL HIM, PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU WON'T TELL HIM!
FRENCH POSTCARDS
YOU'LL DO ANYTHING, MADEMOISELLE? ANYTHING AT ALL? EVEN THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE?
ANYTHING AT ALL! DO YOU MEAN---?
I MEAN---
HOTEL FRANÇAISE
...YOU WILL REMOVE YOUR EYELASHES, YOUR ROUGE, YOUR POWDER, YOUR LIPSTICK, AND LET US SEE YOUR NATURAL BEAUTY!
NO!
I WON'T DO IT! I WON'T!

I WON'T! I... OOF!
NOW FOR A CLOSEUP! NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE...
ANDRE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS WRONG?
YOU ARE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS! WHY~ WHY YOU'RE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I IMAGINED!
I'M GOING BACK TO SIMPLE TYPICAL TOURISTS. THEY'RE NOT FRENCH, BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MLLE!
LET US REHEARSE THAT SCENE ONCE MORE, BB!
I DON'T MIND NO MAKEUP, BUT I FEEL NAKED WITHOUT A BATH TOWEL!
the end

There is no doubt about it—Hollywood's high-powered press agents had the right idea when they coined the phrase, "Movies are better than ever." Especially the foreign films. We dropped into a local movie house a few weeks ago to get an up-to-date glimpse of Brigitte Bardot, the mademoiselle who put the sin in cinema. Brigitte was a bit of alright, to be sure, but the star of the other feature on the double bill proved to be the one who set us on our ids. She is a gorgeous German female named Anna Marie Bauman, the most fascinating fraulein this side of Maria Schell.

the doll from dusseldorf

This was it. The moment she came on the screen we knew she was the hottest thing we've seen since Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp to burn down the Windy City in "Old Chicago." Here was the perfect FLING female. It was simply a matter of a discerning editor's eyes meeting a well-filled sweater. A quick airmail letter to Berlin brought back several snapshots of this doll from Dusseldorf — a few quick Yankee dollars elicited the delightful photos of Anna which grace these pages.

With every movie producer in the U.S. keeping an eye peeled for a new female to take up where Hildegarde Neff and Marlene Dietrich left off, FLING offers alluring Anna as the voluptuous answer to their dilemma. Knowing the hazards of predicting the future, we still are climbing out on the proverbial limb to make the prophecy of "big things" for our German discovery. A promising starlet in her own land, she had definite ideas on how to become a Hollywood star and they all are spelled, "sex appeal." Although she is a delightful German dish, she claims to detest posing for cheesecake. This is unfortunate, for as you can see, Fraulein Bauman has all the perfect ingredients.

GEORGE SAND

literary luminary of her era, she was the gal most likely to — and she did

by JOSEPH X. PRICE

portrait in profile

IN A LIFETIME of straddling the heterosexual fence, George Sand was as likely to fall off the port side as the starboard. She was all things to many men — and even to quite a few women on occasion. To put it electrically, she was prone to run equally well on AC or DC sexual current.

An ugly duckling as a child, George (her real name was Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, nee Dupin) was to remain ugly until 1876 — which, incidentally, was the year she died. This ugliness, however, did not keep her from experiencing the rich, heady wine of life's forbidden fruit, for she had other charms. As evidence, before she cashed in her chips, she managed to lure into her outstretched arms such men-about-women as Balzac, Chopin, Carlyle, de Musset, Sandeau, Prosper Merimee, Franz Liszt and Alexander Dumas to name just a few — no Little Leaguers, but real stars among the literati of the Continent.

One of the more noteworthy of her charms was the element of surprise. She was simply full of them starting from the day of her birth, July 1, 1804, when she surprised everyone in the quaint French village of Nohant by appearing in the Dupin household just one month after the wedding of her parents.

If versatility is a charm, then chalk up another charm for the dear girl. For as busy as she was, she somehow kept one hand free long enough to write more than a hundred novels in her day to win her the title of "Miss Prolific Pen of the Ages."

While it is well documented that George Sand was no dilly, it is equally well documented that she was prone to dally — in the ways of men.

"I found her in her dressing gown, smoking an after-dinner cigar, beside the fire in an immense room," said Balzac in describing George to a friend. "She wore very pretty yellow slippers with fringes, coquettish stockings and red trousers . . . She had not a single white hair, in spite of her terrible misfortunes."

Her terrible misfortunes started on the day her father died in a riding accident when George was 13. This catapulted the budding writer into a new world — the demi-mondaine world of Paris, where her paternal grandmother had sent her to round out her education. Reluctantly, her mother gave her over to the stern old bag, as she had to go out and hustle for the franc. So Madame Dupin de Francueil instructed George that she was going to Paris strictly for educational purposes and no monkeying around.

"Oh, well," thought George, "out of sight, out of reach," and once enrolled, she immediately found herself under the special influence of Stephane de Grandsaigne, professor of physiology. His enthusiasm for physiology and anatomy was boundless and young Aurore (as she was called before her fame) knew this a short time after her first encounter with *le professeur* in the classroom. Quickly she was caught up in his enthusiasm for dissecting, and together they probed

the wondrous secrets of nature in the laboratory — before and after class, long into the night, they dissected. They dissected on the laboratory workbench, on the floor, on the professor's desk, until the eager young student had all the skill of a professional.

So intent was Grandsaigne upon perfecting his student's skill, in fact, that he pursued her to her home at Nohant between semesters, not chancing any possibility of George's getting rusty. And after the summer term, he would return with her to campus for the winter. This went on for two years.

Meanwhile, back in Nohant, even though little Aurore had been scoring straight A, Grandma had grown fearful that her granddaughter was becoming a fiend, so she got her out of there in a hurry and rushed her back home where she had a real husband all picked out for her.

He turned out to be Casimir Dudevant, whose local fame as the son of the wealthy Baron Dudevant was before long to be superceded by his fame for long-distance cuckoldry. For soon a daughter was born to the blissful pair, but rumor had it that it was Grandsaigne and not Casimir who passed out the cigars.

Aurore and Casimir got on well for a while, and then a son was born to them. This was enough for Aurore, who by now had acquired an overriding passion that was to change the course of her life — and that of a dozen literary geniuses who shared it with her.

The passion was literature. Aurore, mother of two, discovered Shakespeare. She made a simultaneous discovery; her husband, poor devoted soul, was a square; he just didn't dig the Bard of Avon. Literature is a passion to be shared and one night at dinner, after a fruitless effort at communicating with hubby on the subject, she lost complete control and screamed:

"My poor Casimir, you really are remarkably stupid!"

So immediately she went out and found her new Shakespeare-partner in Aurelien de Seze, who was then Advocate General of the Army. Since he was stationed at Bordeaux, it meant sneaking out of town — he to Nohant, she to Bordeaux — with progressive frequency. Casimir began detecting cigar smoke in his wife's lingerie (and this was before she took up cigar smoking herself) and one night in a fit of drunkenness, he asked her to turn in her key to the family snuff box.

But Aurore knew where to go to forget narrow-minded grandmothers and Shakespeare-hating husbands — back to Paris. She took a job as a hack writer with the Parisian periodical, *Figaro*, where at the age of 27 she learned all about journalism.

There she met a young and handsome lawyer named Jules Sandeau, who doubled at writing. Soon they were collaborating on articles and signing them Jules Sand; and for want of more spacious accommodations, they shared Aurore's tiny garret.

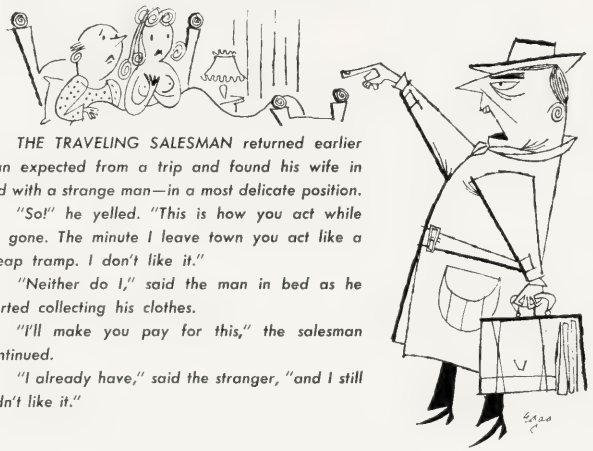
" I resisted him for three months but then yielded. I lived in my own apartment in an unconventional style," she confessed when it was all over.

It was all over within a year when one afternoon, Aurore came home to find her collaborator collaborating with the laundress right in the center of her bed. There followed a scene more violent than any fictional scene of similar nature in either of the two books they managed to find time to write together.

At the suggestion of her editor at *Figaro* then, Aurore went out on her own, permanently adopting the *nom*

"Well, it's not the reward for virtue, that's for damn sure!"

fling flips



THE TRAVELING SALESMAN returned earlier than expected from a trip and found his wife in bed with a strange man—in a most delicate position.

"So!" he yelled. "This is how you act while I'm gone. The minute I leave town you act like a cheap tramp. I don't like it."

"Neither do I," said the man in bed as he started collecting his clothes.

"I'll make you pay for this," the salesman continued.

"I already have," said the stranger, "and I still didn't like it."

de plume, George Sand. To match her new-found name, she acquired the unique habit of cigar-smoking. Also, she took up swearing a great deal. In fact, so bitter had she become in this period that she went out of her way to look up her old professor, Stephane de Grandsaigne. When she discovered he was married, she went on the make for his wife. But when Madame de Grandsaigne discovered that the cigar-smoking, trouser-wearing, gruff-voiced, vulgar-tongued individual named George was not of opposite gender, she got rid of her quickly.

So she settled down to a bit of writing. With the publication of *Indiana* in 1832, her first solo novel, George Sand was made as a writer.

Now came a succession of male companions. Prosper Merimee — author of Carmen — being the first. This lasted eight days. On the ninth Merimee rested. George never returned.

In the interim that lasted a month there followed dozens of others. Then came the next big name, Alfred de Musset, whose melodic verse held Europe in ecstasy. He was also a "fop," according to George, and she preferred laying in wait for bigger game — the King of Paris, Alexander Dumas. When this failed De Musset moved in, audaciously calling her a "foppess." So the new romance was launched; she liked his guts and other things.

They argued and argued the first few months but continued going steady.

Then the happy pair took off for Venice. Here the poet fell ill. George nursed him with dauntless conviction for a time. The Venetians were so deeply moved by the sight of this faithful, worried woman, riding the

gondola to the apothecary far down the stream, nervously chewing on her cigar, that they began to think she was the druggist himself.

But it was just no use without the aid of a man of medicine. Love alone was not curing the weakened De Musset; rather, it was killing him. So who does she find to nurse her paramour's wounds? A doctor, of course. But what kind of a doctor? *Certainement* — a young and handsome doctor — what else?

George flirted with Dr. Pagello. He counter-flirted. But days went by and the Doc had not made one pass. It seemed he was paying more attention to his patient.

So the impatient George wrote him this curt note: "To the Stupid Pagello:" it goes. "Are you to be my master or my stay? . . . What is it that you feel for me — desire or love? When your passion has been satisfied will you give me thanks? When I have made you happy, will you know how to tell me so? . . ." Of course, she could never have said as much aloud as De Musset's bed was in the same room and there was no television in those days to muffle the conversation.

After getting the note, the Doc dropped his medicinal decor and began clinging to The Sand.

Their romancing was interrupted by De Musset's plea for the bedpan, but they managed to sneak in a few clandestine hours and finally ran off to Paris together.

But the sight of Pagello and George strolling hand in hand down the Champs Elysees was too much even for the Parisians, knowing the couple had left the poor poet to sweat it out alone in far-off Italy. Pagello, unable to stand the jeers of the crowd, sped back to Venice — after first making certain that De Musset was out of there and on his feet again, of course.

De Musset returned to Paris but hid out in a rooming house far from George's abode. Inevitably he was recognized. In a fit of despair George tried to make up by flooding his box with letters.

When she saw this didn't work, she cut off all her hair and sent it to the poor poet via special messenger.

Still no reaction from De Musset. So she parked herself on his staircase just outside his door. Here she remained for days, figuring he'd have to come out eventually. Finally, he did and George cornered the bitter boy and somehow talked him into a reunion of sorts.

But it was short-lived; she simply couldn't hold him any longer. Perhaps George Sand bald was less appealing than George Sand with hair, though it is doubtful that it made that much difference.

In this interim she sat down and knocked out a novel describing De Musset as an indescribable monster. Then De Musset came out with a counterblast of his own in novel form, painting The Sand as the heartless whore from Nohant and not bothering to disguise too much.

George was too despondent to do much reading at this point, so she had De Musset's book read to her by her young and pretty little blonde maid, Lilli, who was instructed to go slowly — a chapter a night at most. George wanted to suffer — to punish herself thoroughly for having any part in the controversy that rocked the Continent. So Lilli read slowly from the side of her mistress' bed. A chapter a night and some nights only a page — or nothing at all at times. But she was always there at the side of her bed, ready to serve in doses big or small.

Finally, with most of her hair back

and some of her honor salvaged, George set out to conquer Frederic Chopin. Fred, hearing that The Sand was gunning for him, took it on the lam. However, George had an in with Liszt and through him they met.

Strangely, the sickly and delicate composer went for her in a big way right from the start! Strangely, because despite Fred's bad case of TB, he had quite a way with the girls. In fact, after they were going together a while, George got so disgusted with him for horsing with a Nohant girl on the side, that in a moment of anger she grasped his frail hand and, pretending to kiss it, bit down hard on the knuckles. Fred didn't play for weeks afterwards — not the piano anyway.

"We never addressed a single reproach to each other except once," George remarked of the Chopin fling. "And that was from the first to the last time we met."

The one thing about him that frightened George even more than his ability to fight back was his predilection for conventionality. It seemed he would keep pestering her to — if she would pardon the expression — "marry him." But of course, she would hear none of it.

Unmarried then, and coughing, Fred set sail with George for a trip to Majorca. Soon they were evicted from the exclusive mansion they rented by the sea because George was too loud in crashing her vases against the wall during their many hassles.

So from there they went to Barcelona and set up housekeeping in the cell of a monastery. It was a cold, damp place and Chopin's piano went off-key from the moisture; one would hardly have recognized the "Waltz Polonnaise" to hear it played there.

Besides which Fred was spitting blood by now and every night for seven full years, he was forced to turn his back on George. And don't think George didn't raise hell about it, either!

"For seven years I have lived with him as a virgin. I know too that many accuse me of having worn him out with my violent sensuality, and others accuse me of having driven him to despair with my freaks. Not true, not true!" she protested in writing — much too vociferously, of course.

Somehow Chopin lived on several years more but George's love for him died almost the instant they returned to France. Even his plea on the day of his death for her to give him her arms to die in, as she swore she would, went unheard. No less than seven women were with him for the purpose — but not The Sand.

Later, when time had irradicated the sundry but devious charms George had been endowed with in the first place, she remarked solefully to a friend:

"My heart is a grave!"

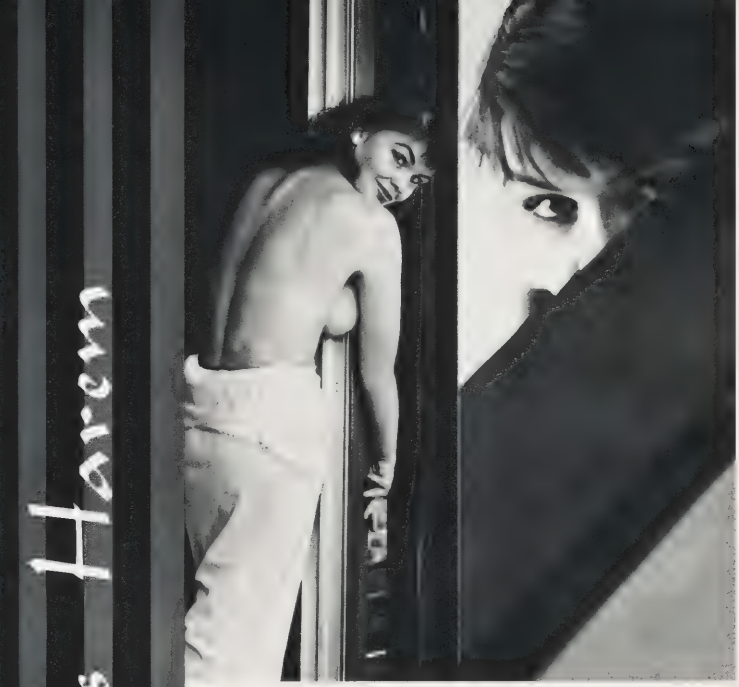
"Oh?" the friend replied. "Judging from the number of its occupants, I should rather call it a cemetery."

Too involved in her ecstatic nostalgia to be fazed by the friend's pointed witticism, she went on to say, "But I will be avenged. I shall write the tragedy of my love — in romance form — and —"

"But, George," the friend rudely interrupted. "Why not in city-directory form?"

That one she could not have missed.

Though she lived to the over-ripe age of 72, it remains a miraculous literary achievement and an indeterminable mystery how George Sand ever found the time to have done all that writing — including a score of plays — in the midst of all that "playing" she did on the side. **fling**



Here's Hope!

for more views of and by Miss Hathaway, please turn thataway

Beginning with Hedy Lamarr, who ran through the Bohemian woods in the now immortal picture, "Ecstasy" in nothing more than a dazzling smile; and on along to Marilyn Monroe, who revolutionized the calendar industry, the success of form-flaunting females has inspired a whole new generation of girls to attempt various stages of undress as a takeoff to fame. Like Lamarr, Monroe, Mansfield et al, Hope Hathaway has joined the legions of unusual, uninhibited and uncovered girls using modelling as the first step in the stairway to the stars. Refreshingly candid, Hope is as interesting to listen to as she is to look at. What she says is rarely monumental, but it is as much food for thought as her curves are a feast for the eyes. We asked the articulate Miss Hathaway a few questions about herself, her career and just things in general and here are her replies. Miss Hathaway, as you can see, is a wise gal who knows a well-turned phrase is as good as well-turned ankle—well, almost.

Q: Miss Hathaway, just for the record, where and when were you born?

A: I was born in Los Angeles, California, the city of angels, you know, on October 23, 1939.

Q: How did you start on your career?

A: I have always wanted to be in show business. My father is a sound technician in one of the major motion picture studios. I got into modelling as a stepping stone to a movie career. A photographer I knew asked me to pose for him. I did and here I am. But acting is what I really want—then in the far future, a husband to take care of me in the manner I'd like to get accustomed to.

HOPE HATHAWAY

KING'S HAREM

Q: What is your idea of an "ideal" man?

A: Looks aren't everything. At least, not where I'm concerned. Intelligence in a man is what I look for. Give me a guy who offers security. Of course, it would help if he could also manage to look like Marlon Brando or Johnny Saxon.

Q: Why do you want to be a movie star?

A: All that creative jazz is square. Let's not talk about it. Let's just say that I heard there was gold in being a movie actress and I'm trying to pan it out.

Q: Do you think a girl must have a good figure to make the grade?

A: Definitely. Where I come from, girls are proud of their figures. That's why I love to model. After all, sex appeal is nothing to hide in a closet; if you don't bring it out in the open what good is it?

Q: What's your vital statistics figuratively speaking.

A: Height, 5'4", weight, 115 (give or take a pound), bust 37", hips, 36", waist, 23", auburn hair and brown eyes.

Q: What do you think about the current "bosom" craze.

A: For girls that got "it" it's great. I started developing when I was ten. I was terribly sensitive about it. Now at 18, my bust is already 37 inches. I soon got over being sensitive though. Now it's bread and butter. But I wish people would look at my face. After all, every girl has a bust.

Q: Do you have any qualms about posing without your clothes on?

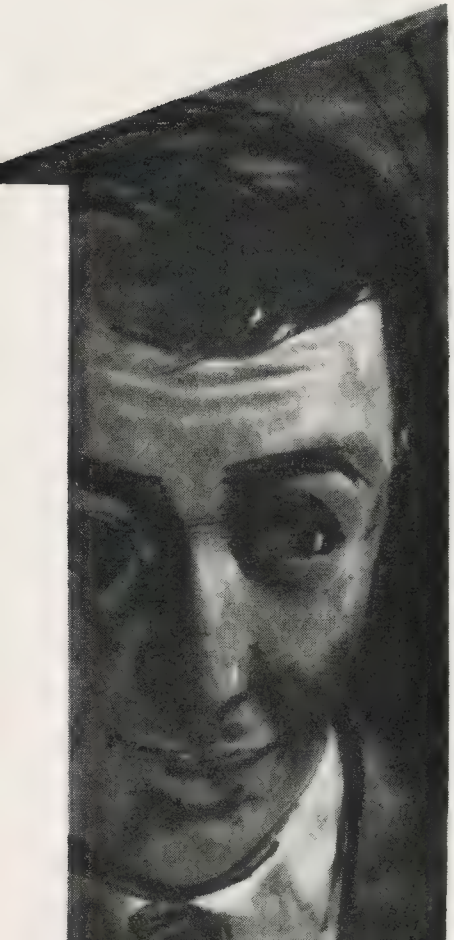
A: I don't mind exposing my body for the camera. Certainly not. I have nothing to be ashamed of. Everything I have is my own.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR FLING IN HOLLYWOOD BY RUSS MEYER

One thing is certain. Hollywood will soon be aware that there is a living breathing doll that goes under the name of Hope Hathaway. Though she aspires to be an actress, she may never fill Audrey Hepburn's acting shoes, but then, neither can Audrey fill her sweaters.

BY CONNIE SELLERS

SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING



THREE TO MAKE READY

fiction:

"Don't be naive,
darling. There's
not a male
in the world,
even if he has
cloven feet
and plays a
wooden pipe, who
can out-satyr
a determined
woman—if you
want to put
it that way."

Karen punctuated her statement with a twist of full, red lips, and swirled her glass so that the olive in it made wet circles.

"And you're among the 'determined'?" Marcia asked, telling herself she didn't really envy the lovely woman across the table, and wondering how the conversation had worked around to this. But with Karen, conversation meant talking about men.

"Especially so, darling," Karen said, lifting a too-perfect eyebrow. "Of course, with your puritanical background, you're not really in a position to argue, are you?"

Nobody ever argues with Karen, Marcia thought bitterly. Even when they've been invited to lunch to be needled. Argue with Karen? She's too beautiful, too rich, and yes — too sexy. But she didn't know everything. Marcia sat up straighter.

"Biologically speaking, percentages are in a woman's favor," she said, "but there are exceptions to any rule."

Karen laughed, a full-throated trilling that turned every male face in the cocktail lounge in her direction.

"Really, Marcia! You're still the star pupil, aren't you? All full of dusty phrases and memorized logic —but empty of experience."

Marcia felt the skin tighten across her cheekbones. Even in school, this hard, golden woman had dazzled males and driven females to tears. She saved her personality for men and her venom for women.

The words slipped out. "I've had experience!"

Karen's half-smile was a cynical thing. "No! Vicariously doesn't count, you know."

Marcia looked down at her fingers tightening around the stem of her glass. She was a fool. Now Karen would pry and cut, and there was no way to stop it.

She looked up again, and was surprised by the intensity in Karen's almost-purple eyes.

"What was he, darling," Karen purred, "the class bookworm? I never would have guessed."

Marcia bit her lips, but her anger pushed the words out.

"He's as much social register as you are—darling, and more of a man than any of your — your temporary husbands!"

Karen's lush lips twisted. "Then why aren't you with him? There are damn few real men in this town, and none as real as all that. I don't believe you."

Marcia lifted her glass, and its rim vibrated against her teeth. She couldn't tell anybody.

Karen's husky voice prodded at her. "What's his name?"

Marcia focused her eyes upon her lap. She tugged at her skirt. Name? Bob — Bill — Boyd?

"It's Brooks," she said.

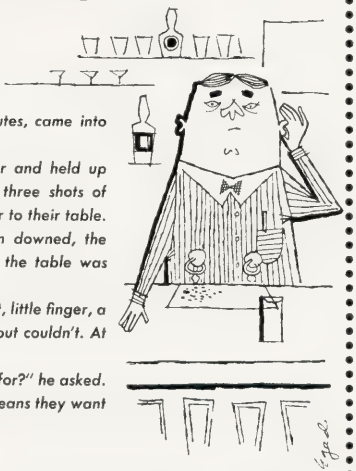
Karen had caught the hesitation. She shook her head, and thick, shade-of-honey hair swung in negation. "I don't believe you," she repeated, a flatness in her tone.

Marcia drained her glass. Why not? If anybody ever asked for something like this, it was Karen.

"Karen," she said slowly, "I'll bet you a month's pay that — Brooks is three times the man as any you've ever known, and that you'll admit it."

The purple eyes widened, banked

fling flips



THREE GIRLS, attractive deaf mutes, came into the bar and took a table.

The first waved at the bartender and held up three fingers. The bartender poured three shots of Three Feathers and delivered the order to their table.

As soon as the drinks had been downed, the second girl held up four fingers and the table was served three shots of Four Roses.

When the third girl held up a bent, little finger, a male patron tried to guess the brand but couldn't. At last, he called for the bartender.

"What in hell was that last signal for?" he asked.

"Oh that," was the reply, "that means they want some Old Grandad."

fires flecking in them. "Now you interest me, darling. This is a real sporting proposition — something that will make my crowd wild with envy."

Karen's red-tipped nails made riveting noises upon the coaster in front of her. They were, thought Marcia, somehow like claws.

"How much — salary — do you make a month, dear?"

She made it a dirty word. Marcia felt the heat rise in her face, and pushed whatever qualms of conscience she had left back into a corner of her mind. She only wished she had said two month's pay — or three.

"Three hundred dollars," she said.

Karen laughed again, and a man at the bar looked over, then stood up uncertainly, but Karen pinned him back upon his stool with a contemptuous glance.

"Done!" she said. "You make the arrangements. Can it be tonight? I can't wait to tell the crowd this!"

With sudden clarity, Marcia saw that Karen wasn't thinking of her crowd at all, and for a moment, was almost sorry.

Marcia slid off her chair and walked over to the phone booth. She pulled the door shut and fumbled in her purse for a square, white card. Its creases showed how often it had been handled, almost tossed away, put back into the depths of the purse. She dialed a number. When a remembered baritone answered, she stuttered out her request swiftly, before she lost her nerve.

For several seconds, there was only silence at the other end, then a burst of delighted laughter, and agreement. Marcia hung up the receiver and sat quietly. A month ago, she had sworn never to listen to that voice again, but

now — her mouth firmed and her chin came up. Karen had this coming.

But what if — what if Karen could actually — if she really could — no! No woman could, not even a "determined" one. Not even a lovely nymphomaniac like Karen.

Still — three hundred dollars was a lot of money to risk. When she came back to the table, Marcia's palms were damp.

At Marcia's nod, Karen stood up, the flowing motion like brush strokes of an artist, the rich furs clinging jealously to her, accenting the pure femininity of her. Karen smiled, her mouth wet and red and excited.

In the taxi, Marcia told Karen she would see her to the Brooks' door; then Karen would be on her own.

Karen's nails dug into Marcia's arm. "Does he know about the bet?"

Marcia nodded. "He knows."

"Delightful," Karen breathed, and the word was a hiss. Marcia pulled her arm away.

Marcia sat looking through the window of the taxi as the big door opened. She saw the dark furs and golden hair outlined by a warm circle of light from inside. She saw a tall, broad-shouldered man in a satin dressing gown step forward to take Karen's hand. Then the big door closed, and Marcia tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"Okay," she said.

Karen leaned against the door and ran her eyes over a startlingly handsome man. Calmly, surely, he moved close to her.

"Mr. — Brooks?" she asked.

She liked the deep chuckle that broke from his dark face. "This is no time to be formal, Karen. I'm Bob."

"Bob, then," Karen agreed. She put out her other hand to him and shrugged off her furs. His teeth flashed, and he pulled her to him harshly. His wide mouth lowered to hers, and she strained to him.

He lifted Karen from the floor and carried her across the room to a deep couch. Gently, he placed her upon its thick cushions, and looked down at the shuddering length of her.

"You're too far away," she said.

He leaned over and snapped off the table lamp. Her teeth were avid for his ear, and she searched along the strong line of his throat for it.

"This is one bet I hope I lose," she whispered. "Make me lose it. Make me lose."

Later, Karen twisted on the couch and felt for the lamp switch. Her cigarettes were in her purse, somewhere on the rug with her stockings. The light made her blink, and her hands drew down her skirt. From the kitchen, a tinkle of ice in tall glasses sounded. Bob was thoughtful, too.

She sighed. Bob was a dream, but like all dreams, only a hurried fragment of time, passing too swiftly to last. She blew out smoke and looked into it. Too bad.

He came into the room, carrying a tray with drinks on it. He handed her a glass and smiled at her. She sipped the drink and eyed him. He looked strangely unrumpled, fresh, and — her tongue darted out to touch her lips as she added another word to the description — ardent.

Moments later, the half-emptied highballs diluted themselves in a darkness spiced by the calculated scents of perfume, and by the unconscious musk of woman herself. The lamp remained dark for a long time.

When it was quiet again, he reached for his drink, tasted it, and stood up.

"The drinks are warm," he said. "I'll mix some more."

Karen's voice was sleepy. "Make mine a double, darling."

The rattle of ice roused her, and she fumbled for her glass and took a long swallow. Then she felt his strong hands searching over her once more.

Startled, Karen sat up. Something nudged at her mind — the smug certainty in little Marcia's eyes, perhaps. Karen turned on the light.

She had been wrong. The same darkly handsome face leaned over her, the identical firm lips smiled at her — yet there was a hunger in the brown eyes.

"What's the matter, Karen?"

"Nothing," Karen said. "I thought maybe — it's silly."

The couch creaked softly under his weight as his hip brushed against hers. Karen finished her drink at a gulp and laughed. "Far be it for me to argue with gift horses. Only — only leave the light on!"

"Sure," he said, "anything you say."

A half hour and another hurried drink later, Karen bit at her bruised lips and winced. How was it possible for a man to be so — unrumpled — so — the phrase leaped unbidden to her mind — so like a satyr, dammit!

There was another half hour, then, and another few moments while the drinks were being mixed. When his teeth flashed and his eyes looked into hers *again*, Karen decided nothing was impossible. She took the drink with one hand, and pushed the other weakly against his chest.

"This time," she said, "only a drink. Just a drink."

He grinned. "Are you sure?"

Her smile was trained. "I'm sure. Will you call a cab for me?"

At the phone, he glanced through the window. The first fingers of dawn were pushing at the edges of night. "It *is* late," he said. "Do you think I should call Marcia, too?"

Karen crumpled her nylons into a ball and put them in her purse. She looked carefully at his face, then shrugged.

"What the hell? Yes, tell her she won."

She scooped up her furs and walked to the door, then swung around and glared full into his eyes. "Tell me the truth," she demanded. "Have you a twin, damn you?"

Gently, he caressed her shoulders. His eyes didn't waver.

"No, Karen," he said softly. "I swear I have no twin."

She stared at him for a long moment, searching, thrusting.

"I believe you," she said, and walked tiredly down the curving steps, across the lawn, and into the waiting taxi. She didn't look back.

He closed the door and returned to the phone. The wire buzzed four times before Marcia's drowsy voice answered.

"Bob?" she asked.

"No," he said. This is Boyd. You won, but she asked me if I had a twin."

"You didn't tell her, did you?"

"Only the truth," he said, "that I didn't have a twin. Thanks Marcia, — it's been a long and pleasant night for all. Coffee's waiting in the kitchen. Sure you wouldn't like a cup?"

"Thanks, but no thanks," Marcia said. "Once is enough."

She hung up, remembering what the merry, loud scene in that kitchen was like — the steaming cups of coffee, as she had seen them once before.

Karen had heard no lie. There were no twins in that house. But there would be three cups of coffee on the table — for Bob, Bill, and Boyd — the Brooks triplets.

fling

the girl with the upswept gismoes

translation:

Once upon an August evening, one thousand, five hundred and ninety-two years ago, there lingered about the beautiful Lake Biwa the red sun of a waning day, pausing in its flight to touch the mighty walls of the castle of Ishiyama.

Inside the forty-odd room shack sat His Lord Yoshi Toyotomi, general of the armies and Prime Minister of all Japan. Yoshi was digesting his fifth jug of *saki*, musing about his upcoming invasion of the world. The whole thing was a gasser to him. He and his *samurai* would rip through Korea and China, and the world was in the bag.

by fred grant harden

Now they did not have *Gunsmoke* in those days, so evenings were spent in a more earthy manner, and Yoshi planned to spend this particular August evening amusing himself with his squirrel Yodo, mistress of the castle and his pride and passion. Yoshi was especially fond of her for having delivered him a namesake, a feat his wife Mando had not been able to do.

Now everyone in on the know, knew the truth. Yoshi was a dud as a stud, and really had nothing to do with the blessed event. For all his prowess on the battlefield, the old boy just couldn't cut the mustard as a father, but as it was customary for the dames to take the blame, in those days, Mando found herself occupying a castle by her lonesome. After a little scratching around, Yoshi began sharing his *futon*, or over-stuffed blankets, with the beautiful Yodo.

Now Yodo was no square when it came to indoor acrobatics, but she would need more than talent if she was going to keep the old dog coming around to the flat. So without preamble, Yodo set about to produce a little Toyotomi, in name at least. Knowing she would need reinforcements, Yodo called upon the one cat she felt could deliver the goods, which happened to be Sugu Toyotomi, Yoshi's young nephew, and Japan's number two bossman.

"Sugu-san?" Yodo asked the young knight one day, as they were walking about the garden of the castle of Ishiyama. "Do all men look alike where it matters?"

If there was one sport who thought he knew the score, it was Sugu, but the approach floored him.

"I don't dig you, doll," Sugu replied.

"I was virgin when I came to His Lordship and this question has vexed me since. Won't you help me?"

Needless to say "Sugu-san" obliged his dear old uncle's mistress.

Naturally, all this *tatami*, or bed-

about the girl behind THE GIRL WITH THE UPSWEPT GISMOES

"The Girl with the Upswept Gismoes" is a fictionized excerpt from the "Taiko-Ki," a compilation of facts and fiction of Japan's shoguns (rulers). This particular interpretation was done on a translation by the young lady pictured here, named Miss Michiko Maruo,

a student of life, and one of the best "acrobats" in the fair city of Kyoto. Miss Mauro selected this particular excerpt because it happened to be one of the most famous stories of Japan. Hideyoshi Toyotomi was a man of ambition. He rose from a lowly birth to become an able general and the Prime Minister of Japan around 1590. He established the first military dictatorship in Japan, ruling by the sword of the samurai — the noble warrior class of Japan. The author took the liberty of injecting dialogue and of using a rather liberal interpretation of the translation, which the girl in these pictures has no objection to. He did not alter the story plot, feeling that it had a charm of its own. The author found it refreshing and we're certain you'll agree

---

room tag, between Sugu and Yodo got around and distressed the chick Mando. In the first place she didn't go for her man, Yoshi, scratching around other pads, namely Yodo's, for joy, but now with Yodo jamming it with Sugu, sort of playing both ends against the middle, the likelihood of Mando retaining the first lady title was growing thin.

And when Yodo called Yoshi to her one day to announce that he had scored and there was a blessed event on the way, Mando knew that things had gotten out of hand and something had to be done about it. Posthaste she called in her chief advisor, a chap named Ishida.

"Ishi, we've got problems. That bitch is cutting us out of the green! We've got to do something to get that creep canned!"

Ishi nodded.

"Well, don't just stand there stupid-like, make with the action!"

"Don't panic, dumpling. I'll think of something."

And think he did.

With Yoshi away in Korea, Sugu was kingpin, and if something happened to the General, Sugu would be in the driving seat for good. But *if* Sugu were out of the way, the gig would fall to Ishi, and Ishi couldn't think of a finer man for the job. So the problem as he saw it was not the broad Yodo, but Sugu, but he had to think of a way that would please Mando. Finally, it came to him and he broached her with the plan.

"Baby doll, since Yoshi's become boss he's gone soft in the head on this debauchery stuff. Right?"

"Right!"

"In so many words, he's made it plain he won't go for any more barrel

house antics. Right?"

"Right!"

"In other words, he's become a party pooper of the first order. Right?"

"Right!"

"So, if we could get our boy Sugu all wrapped up in a scandal, he'd lose his gig. Right?"

"Right!"

"And if the scandal involves dames then who usually gets it in the neck? The dames, right?"

"Right!"

"So, Sugu loses his job, Yodo loses her ears. Who does that leave at the top?"

"You are the most, Ishi, but how will we proceed?"

"Just leave it to old dad," and so saying, Ishi set about to put his plan into operation.

On a tip, Ishi went to the town of Kyoto, in his quest for the sexiest quail in the land. He was in need of a dish that would draw Sugu away from Yodo's table.

In Kyoto, Ishi found what he was looking for in the daughter of a gardener named Sanemon — Oman, by name. A bare twenty, Oman had all the physical requirements, and to make everything perfect, she was reputed to be the most vilest wench to ever don a pair of skivvies in Kyototown. According to his informant, she had a weird fetish for sex, a kick she had been on since she was old enough. After one night of research, Ishi knew that Oman was just the gal for the job.

What convinced Ishi, were those crazy breasts!

Never in his life had Ishi seen anything like them. In a land notorious for wee ones, Oman's were monumental, and the kid was proud of them.

Now, occasionally, Ishi and Sugu would go out on a binge together, spreading goodwill among the lassies around town. Availing himself of this familiarity with the *Samurai,* Ishi arranged for a bout in Kyoto.

Sugu fell for the trap, and fell for the charms of Oman. Her outward beauty was nothing to sneeze at — she had skin the color of gold, but what impressed Sugu came later, when the diminutive Oman peeled off her *kimonos.*

"Wow!" He exclaimed. "Where did you get those gismoes?"

Standing before him was the most flesh Sugu had ever seen assembled on a set of bones, accentuated by a set of "gismoes" that turned vigorously skyward in an upsweep!

When Yoshi finally set sail in his overgrown kayak, changes began to take place in the land of the dwarf pines. Without any prodding, Oman did her duty. Ishi had realized immediately upon meeting her, there was no need to tell her of the plot, just let her go her merry way. Sugu, being the charger that he was, fell right in line with Oman's twisted ideas of fun.

Yodo was soon forgotten, as brutality became the popular pastime of the nobles, with His Lord Sugu, and his rib Oman, leading the pack. Ishi was careful to let the stories drift over to Yoshi on the mainland, but the Prime Minister gave them scant notice, figuring no Toyotomi would let a little tail lead him so far off base.

All might have been different, had it not been for the pebble incident.

Ishi soon discovered that Oman was more progressive than he had at first thought, and no one man could keep her satisfied. He soon found himself engaged in this occupation, but it was this very same pleasure that led to his downfall. One evening in her company he took one nip too many, shaking the lady up a bit.

Oman was furious that anyone dare

"Damn it, lad, don't just stand there — get me a can opener!"

desecrate her precious possessions and resolved to get even, and the following day the opportunity presented itself.

Oman and her lord were supping it up in the palace when Sugu made a wry face which she noticed.

"What gives, My Lord?" She asked.

"Oh, nothing, pet. I thought I just winged a pebble."

Oman was beside herself, as a plan of revenge on the carnivorous Ishi evolved itself in her fertile little mind.

"It must be a plot, My Lord. No pebble should be mixed in your chow."

"But, who would dare such a thing?"

"Probably that jerk, Ishi," Oman replied savagely. "After all, isn't he the one would profit the most by your kicking off?"

It seemed plausible to Sugu, but he wished she had nominated someone else; after all, Ishi was a close friend of Yoshi's. But then, wasn't he, Sugu Toyotomi, the wheel now? Surely, Yoshi would understand that if there was a threat upon his life he had a right to make the culprit pay. And so, Ishi was called to the palace, not knowing it all began over a lousy pebble.

"What grudge hold you?" Sugu asked the prostrated Ishi.

Now this was a question that left Ishi without any words, and wondering just how much Sugu knew.

"Let's see how good *you* are at chewing, meathead! Let's see you chomp on a few pebbles!" roared Sugu tossing a heavy handful of pebbles in front of Ishi.

Ishi now thought he knew what it was all about, but for the world he couldn't imagine Oman cutting Sugu in on the skinny about last night.

"Well?" asked Sugu, sarcastically, "What do you think about pebbles now?"

Ishi could not reply.

"Chew!" Sugu roared, and then the comedy of the situation came to him. He always knew Ishi had rocks in the head!

Ishi crushed the pebbles in his mouth, and soon his teeth were broken, his lips cut, and the blood streamed down his chest.

"Go, man! Go!" cried Oman, virtually in a state of ecstasy.

The word of his good friend's death soon reached Yoshi in Korea. Combined with the other tales he had been getting from Japan about Sugu's activities, he was stunned. Quickly he summoned his advisors for consultation.

"I don't dig it." Yoshi said to them, shaking his head. "What do you think's the matter?"

"I think he's trying to improvise," replied one old warrior, who felt Sugu was trying to displace Yoshi in the homeland by a blast of violence.

"I think it's the word of his pig, Oman," replied another.

"Tell His Lordship to cut off the nose and ears of Oman, and then to mend his ways," ordered Yoshi.

When Sugu learned of the order he knew that he was through. Somewhere along the way he had fallen in love with Oman and knew that he couldn't comply with his uncle's wishes. There was only one honorable thing left to do. On 15 July 1595 he packed his ditty bag and journeyed to Koyansan Shrine, and there did execute a neat *sayonara*.

By this action, Oman kept her nose and ears, but by edict was forced to join the other girls who had enjoyed Sugu's love, who were all given away to beggars for playthings.

Yodo was forgotten.

They say that Oman is reputed to have passed through so many hands that six months after Sugu's death her bosom fell to her navel. **fling**

NEW DIMENSIONS IN ADVERTISING PRESENTED BY VALERIE RODGERS

the un-hidden persuader

Natives of Hollywood get restless when native Valerie Rogers strolls by en route to one of her many modeling assignments. Advertising is on the wrong track she informed us. Quicker than you could say "GreyFlannelSuit" she posed for three sample ads. As you can see, the Rogers concept is quite simple: Show the product being enjoyed. In the photo at the left, she demonstrates Dinglemeyer's Delightful Doorknobs. And up above all of the 5'6" and 115 pounds of desirable real estate that is Valerie is shown enjoying a Kipple Kutie Kozy Kushion. Last, Valerie poses with a cigarette, smiles, and waits for the copywriter to write — "In a cigarette, it isn't the tobacco that counts, it's the woman holding it."

Soft soaping isn't the way to sell merchandise, the outspoken Valerie says. Show 'em the merchandise and the public will make their choice. After all, she points out, the choice has been popular since an apple was the product and Adam and Eve the consumers.

exit in poetry

by david zinman

fiction: CLICK-CLICK... My name is John Van Breda Kolph. I am thirty-five years old, weigh one hundred ninety pounds and I am six feet tall. I am making this tape recording to preserve the masterpiece I am planning to execute in the next few minutes.

"I was born in an extremely wealthy family and have never had to work for a living. Consequently, I have devoted my life to the achievement of a perfect existence, mentally and physically. I was educated by the finest scholars in the country, trained by the best physical instructors. I mastered Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and the Romance languages. I received degrees *summa cum laude* in engineering. chemistry, law and medicine, and I am one of the few who understand the Einstein theory of relativity. Physically, I am an expert swimmer, runner, boxer and weight-lifter.

"My sole failure in life has been marriage. And that is my reason for making this tape recording.

"When I reached the age of twenty-one, I decided that if I were to marry, it would be only to a woman with the exact qualifications which I had established. First, she would have to be extraordinarily beautiful, of course. But not in the ordinary sense. She would have to be a physical likeness to the one woman whose beauty I have always worshipped — Praxiteles' Venus. She would have to be five feet, five inches tall and weigh between one hundred five and one hundred ten pounds. She would have to have raven hair and green eyes, and be of Grecian origin. And she must, naturally, have a brilliant mind.

"Of course, since these restrictions were so limiting, I contemplated a life as a bachelor. Oh, I did meet some women every few years who seemed at first to have the qualifications, but they were either too small or too tall or intellectually inferior. So it seemed that I would never meet my ideal — that is, until I saw Alexandra.

"I was dining alone, as usual, at the

Club 21 in New York when I saw her walk in with an escort and head toward a ringside table. I knew immediately she was the one. There was a regal, classic quality to her appearance. She had a soft, moon-white skin, tender and glowing with a luminosity that reached into her eyes. They were green and expressive, framed by long dark lashes. Her hair was black and knotted magnificently at the nape of her neck, and her lips were full and glistening. There appeared at one and the same time in her face a strange mask of indifference and the invitation of a woman of the world. She was wearing a glittering, full-length lamé gown, and I could imagine under its folds her full breasts and her long smooth legs sweeping across the floor. Physically, she was perfect. I had my agents check her background the next day, and when I found that it too met my highest expectations, I arranged a party where I could be formally presented to her.

"During the next few months, I courted her lavishly — a yacht trip to Bermuda. Palm Springs, the Riviera — and I discovered her mind was the equal of her body. Then, two weeks ago, I brought her here to my penthouse apartment and asked her to marry me.

"But something unexpected happened, something I had not counted upon. The ungrateful wretch refused. She muttered something about being engaged already to a Ted Myron and ran out with her face in tears.

"But there will be no begging for her hand. That is not the way of a Van Breda Kolph. No, if I cannot wed Alexandra, then I will see to it that no other man can. And in carrying this through, my method will be my

crowning achievement. I plan no ordinary death for her. Alexandra's departure will be a work of art — an exit in poetry.

"Alexandra will be here this afternoon at four o'clock. I have contacted her and told her that I bear her no hard feelings and that I would like to have one more meeting for old time's sake. So we made a cocktail date in my penthouse.

"When she comes, I will escort her into my living room. We will chat for ten minutes, and then I will excuse myself in order to prepare the drinks in the kitchen. Instead, I will slip out the back way and go over to the neighboring penthouse. The Wykoffs are spending the week in the country, and I have obtained a duplicate key. I will go through their back door and dial my own number on their kitchen telephone. Alexandra, seated right next to the phone, will politely answer it. And then I will say:

'Alexandra, my love, your fate is nigh,
For at this moment you will die.'

"The vibration of the word 'die' will release a microscopic needle I have ingeniously planted in the phone. The needle is swabbed with curare, an untraceable poison. It will shoot into her ear drum, and kill her instantly and quite painlessly. Then, I will call a doctor, and since there will be no trace of poison, he will attribute her death to a heart condition or an organic malfunction, and I can live the rest of my life in peace and contentment, knowing that John Van Breda Kolph not only will have lived the perfect life but will have committed the perfect crime."

CLICK-CLICK.

Kolph turned off the recorder, sat back, and lit a cigarette. Ashes dropped free and he watched them drifting slowly to the floor. They creased the air gently and descended in irregular, increasingly larger circles as they fell softly to the rug. He looked at a clock. It was quarter-past four. She was fifteen minutes late. He looked down at the rug, trying to find the ashes hidden in the mosaic pattern of the cloth. Then he sat up and stared out the window for a long time. The colorless light of the window panes fell around the fingers that held his cigarette. They were trembling faintly now. The furniture in its place seemed to have become immobile, to become lost in the shadow of the waning light. The clock went on ticking. It was four-twenty. He vaguely marveled at the calm of the things around him until the shrill blast of the phone disturbed the silence. It rang again, and then again, shattering the still room each time like a giant sheet of glass smashing on a steel press. He sat as if hypnotized, staring blankly at the phone. It rang again and again and again. On the fifteenth ring, he picked it up.

"Hello."

"John?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"This is Alexandra."

"Why aren't you here? It's four-twenty."

"John, I've decided to break my engagement with Ted Myron and marry you. I found after I left you that I was really in love with you all the time."

"What! Why that's wonderful. Wonderful. We must celebrate. Yes, come right over, dear."

"Fine, darling. I will. Wait till I tell you how it all broke off. It turned out to be quite an amusing episode. You'll simply *die* laughing. Hello? . . . John? . . . hello?"

fling

ANGELS AND DEVILS CAVORT AT A HELL OF A GOOD PLACE

FLING AT DANTE'S INFERNO

article: A little less than a year ago, give or take a few Quantros, an enterprising young man opened a club offering Chicagoans intimate night clubbing and secluded imbibing. His name was Johnny Dante. The club was dubbed, almost inevitably, Dante's Inferno.

No large sign announces the location. Instead, at 57 West Huron, a short stroll from Chicago's Gold Coast, a carved wooden devil in evening clothes is a mute marker, shilling for Mr. Dante's mixture of fine liquers, dim-lit surroundings and service by the provocatively-costumed waitresses.

"The girls were carefully chosen for their ability to adjust to the problems of being waitresses," says Johnny Dante. Translation — the waitresses, alluring in their black net stockings and low-cut, short-skirted costumes, must not ignore the customers but still be able to slip away from those friendly souls who seek services not offered on the menu. At this writing, by combining cool friendliness, ample wit and speedy footwork, the girls have managed to maintain an

ANGEL BECOMES DEVIL, as beautiful Terry Dunne, cocktail waitress at Dante's, dons her devil raiment. Below, at left, Johnny Dante checks a tab during a busy evening. Below, at right, Dante's bartender Johnny Dolato fills order for fast-moving Terry.

Exclusively photographed for FLING by Don Bronstein

upper — though friendly — hand with the patrons.

It is hard to classify the customers at Dante's — the gentle lighting does not lead to a Sgt. Friday type of investigation — but one suspects it is largely a Michigan Avenue delegation from the world of communications. "Communications" in the sense that most present make their better-than-average living in publishing, advertising and entertainment. These are people whose business life is tense and competitive, and they prefer their stimulants served and prepared by experts; they dislike noise and confusion, and they want the companionship of what has so wisely been termed the opposite sex, in intimate and comfortable surroundings.

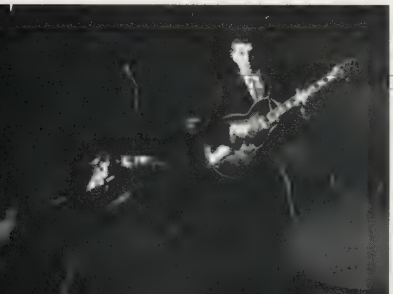
They find these qualities at Dante's. Unlike most night clubs, Dante's is no telephone booth with tables or a converted garage with a master-of-ceremonies. It is a lusty and luxurious saloon offering a degree of anonymity for its patrons. This is of primary importance in certain situations, say, when a wife thinks a gray-flanneled man-about-women is slaving over a hot desk and all the time he is relaxing over a cool martini at Dante's.

Once you have entered Dante's, you enter the main room (there are three in all) where singer Frank D'Rone is featured. The bar can accommodate ten persons and is the domain of Bartender Johnnie Dolato. Off the bar is a secluded nook, a favorite sipping spa for couples.

Virtually all the accoutrements, like the Dante's Inferno reproductions, the thick carpeting, the mosaic tile tables and bars, were built by Johnny.

MAKING A NIGHT of delightful deviltry are (L to R) **FLING's** business manager Morrie Nudelman, Editor-Publisher Arv Miller, club owner Johnny Dante, Chicago model Ann Droyson and printing executive Sam Orlando.

GREAT ENTERTAINER at work, Frank D'Rone, Godfrey Talent Scout winner, delights his many fans each night at Dante's Inferno.



When he opened his establishment about the only people interested were Dante and his landlord. A neighbor in the business, Mike Houseas helped. "Mike stocked me with whiskey to get me going and even fed me when business was slow in those early days." Singer D'Rone made a couple of well-selling records and that helped swell attendance. A Chicago television and radio personality, Marty Faye, tossed Johnny a few plugs and frequent attendance by such show business personalities as Dinah Washington, Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Shelley Berman and Kaye Ballard helped popularize the spot.

His patrons agree with Johnny Dante's definition of how to run a night club:

"When a man comes in here, he's top dog — and the fact that he is here is nobody's business but mine and his — and the doll he might be with. Who knows, it might even be his wife."

Mark it down in your book under "Things to Do When in Chicago," — visit Dante's Inferno. It's one place where you can go to the devil and enjoy every minute of it. **fling**

FLING ABROAD

I have just returned from a three-month trip to several of the far Eastern countries — touring the major cities from Singapore to Tokyo. Being a constant reader, I looked for FLING in every country I visited. I thought it might interest you to know that I found two copies (issues 7 and 8) in Hong Kong.

Ralph Martin
Norman, Okla.

FRENCH DRESSING

Your picture story of French Yvonne Monlaur set me back on my heels. Her dark hair and lovely eyes are the most beautiful features I have ever seen in a woman before. This is the first copy of FLING I've seen, and if you keep up the good work I will keep buying it.

J. L. Mullen
Rolla, Mo.

It's a deal!

WHAT MAKES HOWIE RUN?

I want to congratulate you on a real fine magazine. I would like to see only two changes — monthly instead of bi-monthly and a subscription dept. But on the other hand, you can't expect everything out of life so I'll keep running to the newsstand every *other* month.

Howard Staffy
Monticello, Ill.

We hope you don't miss our first collector's annual, the FLING FESTIVAL *being released* next *month, Howard.*

FANGIO FAN

Fangio is not only a qualified driver but a sportsman in the very sense of the word. His modesty has remained the same throughout his fantastic career. He hasn't driven only one car; he tested practically every racing car in the world from the Italian Maserati (perhaps the car he loves most) to the British BRM and German Silver Mercedes. He's what you call a *born* driver. He took just a few hours to get used to a brand-new Ferrari in Monza, and *won* the race the same day.

Marcelo Rodriguez
Buenos Aires, Argentina

THE BIG TEN

Your 10th issue was a hit for no more reason than Virginia Bell. Your KING'S HAREM color section was indeed fit for a King, with that king-sized lovely. The one story which appealed solidly was the article, *L'Amour the Merrier,* by Jules Archer. Your humor continues to be stale and flat, with the exception of your cartoons. Ever see photos of Iris Bristol and Bambi Hamilton? I'd like to nominate them for *my* Harem.

Bernard Zemble
Hillside, N. J.

Bambi Hamilton will appear in The KING'S HAREM *in a future issue, Bernard.*

INCREDI-BELL!

You really did it this time — the best ever with those wonderful pictures of Virginia Bell. She's the 'most,' the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. In my humble opinion she's perfect in every way.

Jack Henning
Seattle, Wash.

In our humble way we agree with you, Jack!

BACK ISSUES

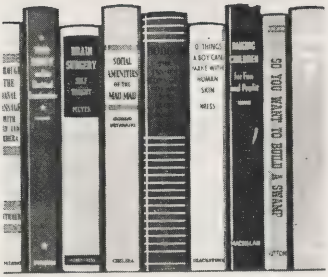
I have just finished reading my first copy of your magazine. FLING, and wish to congratulate you on the publishing of the best magazine I have read for men. I wish you could tell me how I can obtain a one-year's subscription?

Richard Pion
Abilene, Texas

We're not equipped to handle subscriptions yet, Dick. However, some back copies are available for readers who wish to own the complete set of FLING. *Issues No.* 4-5-7-9-10 *can be purchased for* 75¢ *each, which includes necessary postage.*

shopping Fling

To place your order — contact sources listed.



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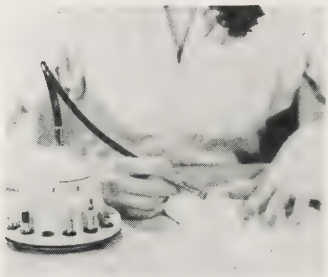

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where the KING OF FLING is your worldly-wise guide to the latest, most unusual gift items of all

Prices include postage unless otherwise indicated.

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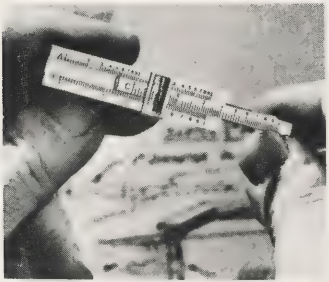

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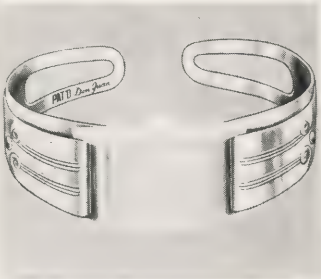

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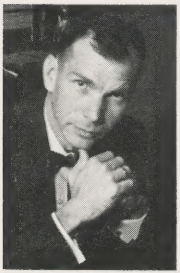
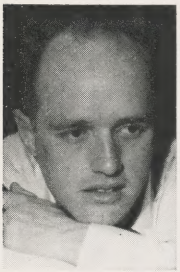


CHARLES BOECKMAN (*A Married Man's Privilege, Page* 6), native Texan of 37 years standing, puts it this way, "Fifteen years ago I decided it would be more fun to make a living out of my hobbies and I have been writing for a living ever since, much to the suspicion of my neighbors who want to know when I am going to work for a living." Other hobbies include jazz, "I play clarinet and carry a union card, slightly behind in dues." He also maintains a heavy interest in photography. "Whenever I'm a few buck ahead, I take to wandering about the world, where I can pick up ideas for new stories . . . and have a high time in the process." You'll like his story in FLING, and we hope to be seeing more of his "hobby" on our pages.



FRED GRANT HARDEN (*The Girl with the Upswept Gismoes, Page* 51) owes the success of this story to one Shizuko (see photo on Page 53) who helped him feel his way around in the world of many-shaped gismoes. He was born in California 33 years ago, and, excluding interesting side trips to faraway places, still makes his home in the Golden State. 10 years ago, Fred sold his first bit, "Why I Never Became a Hermaphrodite." Since then, his *bon mots* have appeared in *This Week, American,* and other magazines. At the moment, he is hard at work on a novel, "All the Loves of Me", a volume of clinical-type research on blondes, redheads, brunettes, and dye-hards, which should end his career, as he plans to research it until he dies.

DAVID ZINMAN (*Exit in Poetry, Page* 62) was born in New York City 27 years ago. After graduating from Columbia University in 1951, he spent three years as lieutenant jr. grade on the staff of Commander Second Fleet and aboard aircraft carrier U.S.S. Ticonderoga. In 1955-56, on land again, he promoted a new shorthand system throughout the USA. Since late 1956, he has been working as a reporter for the Norfolk, Va., Virginian-Pilot. This imaginative writer was published in the *New York Sunday Times* and several national men's magazines. One of his short stories has been selected for two anthologies. Currently, he is at work on a series of short stories, which he hopes will be collected and published as an anthology.

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